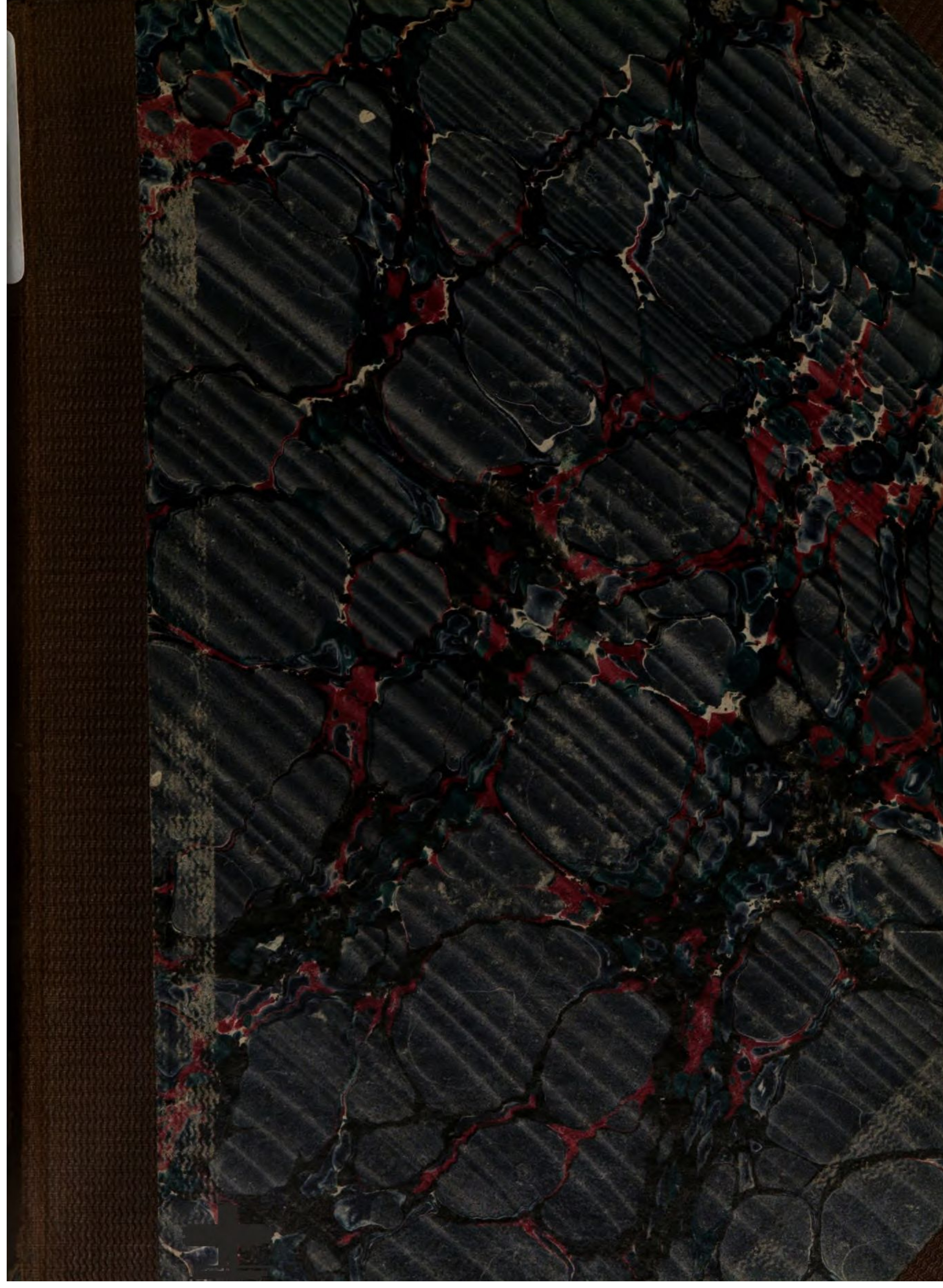




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THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE
IN SEVEN VOLUMES.
VOL. III.



THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH THE LIFE AND PORTRAIT
OF THE POET.

COMPLETE IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1843.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

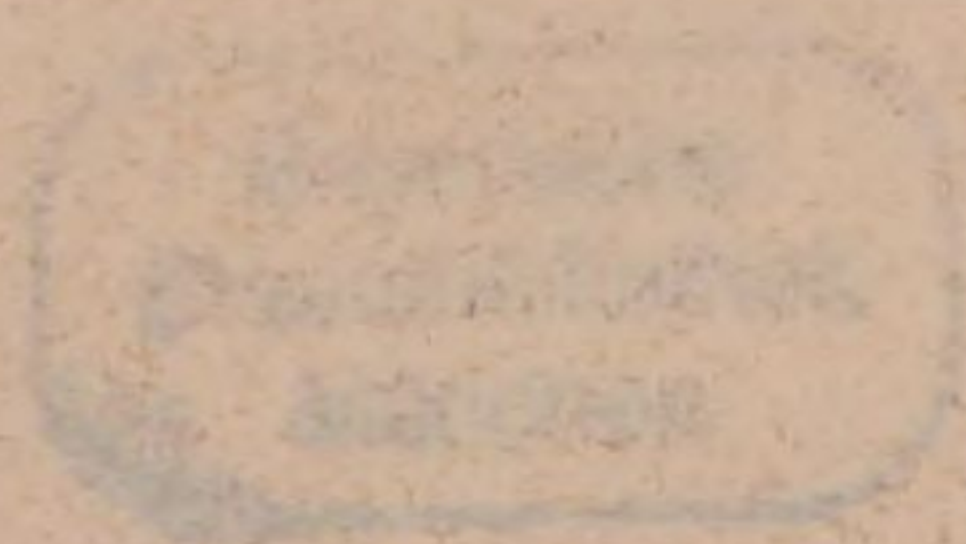
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FIRST PART
OF
KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.	OWEN GLENDOWER.
HENRY, Prince of Wales.	SIR RICHARD VERNON.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.	SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.	SIR MICHAEL, a friend of the
SIR WALTER BLUNT.	Archbishop of York.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worces-	POINS.
ter.	GADSHILL.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northum-	PETO.
berland.	BARDOLPH.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOT-	LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.
SPUR, his Son.	LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of	Glendower.
March.	MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Ta-
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.	vern in Eastcheap.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.	

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT,
and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,

III.

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 't is to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. — Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question;
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 A thousand of his people butchered;
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

R. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met;
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

R. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

West. In faith
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

R. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then, would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. — What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

R. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, — he, “that wandering knight so fair.” And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king, — as, God save thy grace, — majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing — lay by; and spent with crying — bring in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. — But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God,

thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal: — God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal: 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. — O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, will thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer! [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 't is like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit POINS.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work:
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
 HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord, —

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 O, Sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us: when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. —

[*Exit* WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[*To* NORTH.]

North.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners;

But, I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:

He was perfumed like a milliner,

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and took't away again;

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took it in snuff: — and still he smil'd, and talk'd;

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me; among the rest, demanded

My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,

He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark !
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son. —
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. — I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile :
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, [*To WORCESTER*] the king hath made your
nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation :
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did king Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —
 O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line, and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle king.
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power,
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, —
 (As both of you, God pardon it! have done) —
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
 And shall it, in more shame, be farther spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
 Of this proud king; who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say, —

Wor.

Peace, cousin! say no more.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! — or sink or swim,
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it, from the north to south,

And let them grapple: — O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners, —

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla — Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon 't — it is in Gloucestershire; —
'T was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York, — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true. —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, — “when his infant fortune came to age,”
And, — “gentle Harry Percy,” — and, “kind cousin,” —
O, the devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you. — My lord,

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. — No farther go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. — O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. — Come, and be hanged: — hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carrier's. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell? — Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? — marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time to you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs

with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers: none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice had liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. *[Pretends to seek POINS.]*

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Poins! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! *[They whistle.]* Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 't is our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, [*Aside to POINS*] where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah!

whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[Exeunt FAL. &c. driving the Travellers out.]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. *[Rushing out upon them.]*

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them.]

They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter.

— “But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.” — He could be contented, — why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: — he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;” — Why, that’s certain: ’t is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. “The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.” — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. ’Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, "Courage! — to the field!" And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the currents of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden hest. O! what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now,

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance*!
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why my horse,
 My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
 I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
 About this title; and hath sent for you,
 To line his enterprize: but if you go —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly unto this question that I ask.
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away!

Away, you trifler! — Love? — I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
 To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
 We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse! —
 What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come; wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
 Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
 Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
 But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
 No lady closer; for I well believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate?
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady.

It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as — Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off. — To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake

other English in his life, than — “Eight shillings and sixpence,” and — “You are welcome;” with this shrill addition, — “Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,” or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr’ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling — Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but — anon. Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit* POINS.]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir. — Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by’r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir! I’ll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, Sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, — ’t was a pennyworth, was’t not?

Fran. O lord, Sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit. FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit VINTNER.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS, with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon anon, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is — up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, — “Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he, and answers, “Some fourteen,” an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” — I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo!” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALLSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? *[He drinks]*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that? and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with at dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, Sirs: how was it?

Bard. We four set upon some dozen, —

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bard. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bard. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

P. Hen. What four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of, —

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech, —

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck; —

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. — And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What

a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content; — and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince, —

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? — Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. *[Exit.]*

P. Hen. Now, Sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair; — so did you, Peto; — so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no; — fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, — what, a plague, call you him? —

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; — and his son-in-law, Mor-

timer; an old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. — But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. — This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now

shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point — why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. — And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his

looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: — nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity,

his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord! —

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras: — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.*

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call
him forth.

Peto. Falstaff! — fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his
pockets. *[PETO searches.]* What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

<i>Peto.</i> Item, A capon,	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce,	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper,	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread,	ob.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! — What there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you sit down? — And, uncle Worcester. — A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did tremble.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, — that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil. —
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
 O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come;
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
 Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
 Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
 According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
 Into three limits, very equally.
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 By south and east is to my part assign'd:
 All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Glendower: — and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 (A business that this night may execute)
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
 And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —
 Within that space you may have drawn together
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
 From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care.

I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father.

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, —
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, "humph," and "well, go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect,
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
 When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
 And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you,
 She 'll be a soldier too; she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt Percy,
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
 him in the same.]

Glend. She 's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
 one

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee. [*She speaks again.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*She speaks again.*

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Music Plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 't is no marvel, he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then, should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by humours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing
In Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings. *[A Welsh Song by Lady M.]*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart! you swear like a
comfit-maker's wife. Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I
live; and, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a ladely as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.
An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours;
and so come in when ye will. *[Exit.]*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. — [*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee! — yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;

And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he:"
Others would say, — "Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And wan by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loathe the taste af sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation: not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou the shadow of succession:
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got

Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this nothern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

R. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
 That Douglas, and the English rebels met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

R. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
 With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
 For this advertisement is five days old. —
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
 On Thursday we ourselves will march:
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business: let 's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it. — Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter — of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but 't is in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, "By this fire, that 's God's angel:" but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of

utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host. Who I? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich?

let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'Sblood an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grand-father's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John: why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion.

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge

an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified. — Still? — Nay, pr'ythee, begone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, — how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. — The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland. —

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou, and I,
 Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. —
 Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
 At two o'clock in the afternoon:
 There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
 Money, and order for their furniture.
 The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
 And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast;
 come. —
 O! I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
 In this fine age were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By God, I cannot flatter: I defy
 The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
 But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well. —

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize:
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, — that inward sickness —
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —
And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. — Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,

Where now remains a sweet reversion:
 We may boldly spend upon the hope
 Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 If that the devil and mischance look big
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
 The quality and hair of our attempt
 Brooks no division: it will be thought
 By some, that know not why he is away,
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
 And think, how such an apprehension
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 And breed a kind of question in our cause:
 For, well you know, we of the offering side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
 This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
 I, rather, of his absence make this use: —
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 A larger dare to our great enterprize,
 Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
 If we, without his help, can make a head
 To push against the kingdom, with his help,
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. —
 Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,

Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —
 O, that Glendower were come!

Ver.

There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot.

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle
 of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Col-
 field to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty,
 take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto
 meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[Exit.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.
 I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange
 of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I
 press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire

me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pi', as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge. — The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him,

Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for:
 Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.

In short time after he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited;
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God you do!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste to the lord marshal:
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,

And there 's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear,
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster,
Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

[Trumpet sounds.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester! 't is not well,

That you and I should meet upon such terms
 As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
 This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
 What say you to it? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
 And move in that obedient orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light;
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

R. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place, and in account,
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
 Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
 To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,

It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent king,
 What with the injuries of a wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead:
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
 Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
 This present enterprize set off his head,
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
 Yet this before my father's majesty:
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee.
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are misled upon your cousin's part;
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do; but if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON.*]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
 For, on their answer, will we set on them;

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'T is not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning! — Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: — therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best, he did.

Wor.

Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's: we did train him on;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
 In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 't is so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd: — Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland. — Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus;
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world, —
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —
Arm, arm, with speed! — And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now. —
 O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking. Only this —
 Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now, — *Esperance!* — Percy! — and set on! —
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace;
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus
 Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the
shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft! who
art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: — there's honour for you; here's no
vanity. — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep
lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. —
I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not
three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's
end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. —
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this
day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive; thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot: there 's that will sack a
city. *[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]*

P. Hen. What! is 't a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come
in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him
make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir
Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour
comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, Prince HENRY,
Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so. — My lord of Westmoreland,
Lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long. — Come, cousin Westmore-
land,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: — what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the KING being in danger, enter P. HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee,

Who never promiseth, but he means to pay. —

[*They fight: DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace? —

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;

And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury,

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit King HENRY.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: —
But thought's the slave of life, and lifetime's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. — No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for — *[Dies.]*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart! —
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: — this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal: —
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —

[He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.]
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. —
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Fal. [Rising.] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[He takes HOTSPUR on his back.]

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
 Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
 On the ground. —

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
 That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
 We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
 Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? — Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. — Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. [*A Retreat is sounded.* The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. — Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And would'st thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl, and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains, — that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

SECOND PART

OF

K I N G H E N R Y I V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales;

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence;

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER:

PRINCE HUMPHREY OF
GLOSTER:

EARL OF WARWICK:

**EARL OF WESTMORE-
LAND:**

GOWER; HARCOURT;

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBER-
LAND:

SCROOP, Archbishop of
York:

LORD MOWBRAY;

LORD HASTINGS;

LORD BARDOLPH:

SIR JOHN COLEVILLE:

**TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers
of Northumberland.**

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.

POINS and PETO.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART,
FEEBLE, and BULCALF, Re-
cruits.

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Of-
ficers.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

**A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of
the Epilogue.**

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

**Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers,
Beadles, Grooms, &c.**

SCENE, England.

I N D U C T I O N.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage

Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Same.

The Porter before the Gate; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho! — Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
 Should be the father of some stratagem.
 The times are wild: contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
 I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish.
 The king is almost wounded to the death,
 And in the fortune of my lord your son,
 Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
 And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
 And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
 Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,
 So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 Came not till now to dignify the times,
 Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
 A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
 That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
 On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
 And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
 More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
 With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
 A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
 He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! — Again.
 Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say, — Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your son, —

North. Why, he is dead. —

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead. —
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made we well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die;

And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act,
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

[*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said, —
 Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows your son might drop:
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
 Yet did you say, — Go forth; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 't was ten to one;
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'T is more than time: and, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth,
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,
 With well-appointed powers: he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight;
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls,
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion:
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me, and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
 Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. A Street.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword
 and Buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water itself was a good healthy water;
 but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than
 he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of
 this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any
 thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented

on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one: if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will in-set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter! — A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! — The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in

Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were man-
ned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the
prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at
Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to
the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
— Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John, —

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging? Is there not wars?
is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not
the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side
but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side,
were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting
my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if
I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, Sir, then set your knighthood and your
soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your
throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which
grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou
takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter,
hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

III.

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Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! — God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty. — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him. — I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord —

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts apper-

continent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry. I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever. [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am

an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.]

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, Earl Marshal, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes. —

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus: —
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'T is very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see th' appearing buds ; which , to prove fruit ,
Hope gives not so much warrant , as despair
That frosts will bite them . When we mean to build ,
We first survey the plot , then draw the model ,
And , when we see the figure of the house ,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which if we find outweighs ability ,
What do we then , but draw anew the model
In fewer offices , or , at least , desist
To build at all ? Much more , in this great work ,
(Which is , almost , to pluck a kingdom down ,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation , and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors , know our own estate ,
How able such a work to undergo ,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else ,
We fortify in paper , and in figures ,
Using the names of men , instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who , half through ,
Gives o'er , and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds ,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny .

Hast. Grant , that our hopes , yet likely of fair birth ,
Should be still-born , and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation ,
I think we are a body strong enough ,
Even as we are , to equal with the king .

Bard. What ! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us , no more ; nay , not so much , lord Bardolph .
For his divisions , as the times do brawl ,
Are in three heads : one power against the French ,
And one against Glendower ; perforce , a third
Must take up us . So is the unfirm king
In three divided , and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness .

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be;
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou would'st eat thy deal vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A street.

Enter HOSTESS; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord! ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice; —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good master Fang, hold him sure: — good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is

no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. —

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! — Murder, murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. — Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on him?

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her,

and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower! what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, — a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: come, go
along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good
Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are
to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners,
Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool
that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord;
tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst
not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use? — but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee, — it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that

my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [*To the Page*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation. — There it is, boy. *[Gives him money.]*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. — And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. *[Reads.]* "John Falstaff, knight," — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the King's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, Sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter: —

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting." — Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:" — he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. — "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears,

thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

“Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe.”

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph; — no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] — This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, and *Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's:
For yours, — may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, — it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts, he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practised not his gait;

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, — O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! — him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: — so you left him.
Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him: let them alone.
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland.
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back. —
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. [Dispatch: — the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.]

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red

as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, — What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. “When Arthur first in court” — Empty the jordan. —
“And was a worthy king.” *[Exit Drawer.*
How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. “Your brooches, pearls, and owches:” — for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely: —

Dol. *[Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]*

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now. — Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? —

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me, — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last, — “Neighbour Quickly,” says he; — master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — “Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; for,” said he, “you are in an ill name:” — now, he said so, I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions.” — There comes none here: — you would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistanse. — Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says — swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an't were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome: ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, Sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal? you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! — Since when, I pray you, Sir? — God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? — He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious [as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted:] therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her. — I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; — to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down fates! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the goodyear! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta. —

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? —

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these territs and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and PISTOL.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you whoreson chops. — Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play. — Play, Sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. — A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou

whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoir-dupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be

not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's. — And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, Sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. — Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Placing his hand upon DOLL.*]

Dol. How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; — in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; — none, Ned, none; — no, 'faith boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, — there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that.

Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[*Knocking heard.*]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north; and as I came along
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*] — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when

the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; — if my heart be not ready to burst. — Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man, — Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet, —

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come. — She comes blubbered. — Yea — will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY in his Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed. [*Exit Page.*]
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes?
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

R. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

R. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

R. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice, and little medicine.
 My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

R. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
 And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent,
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
 Into the sea: and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]
 'T is not ten years gone,
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and in two years after
 Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [To WARWICK.
 When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
 "Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;" —
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
 "The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
 "The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption:" — so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And, by the necessary form of this,
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,

Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

R. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. — Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

R. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Court before Justice SHALLOW's House in Gloucestershire.

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW,
WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, Sir; give me your hand, Sir, give me your hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly. I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet.

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Jesu! Jesu! Dead! — he drew a good bow; — and dead! — he shot a fine shoot: — John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be ; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead !

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is justice Shallow ?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you ; my captain, Sir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir : I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight ? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, Sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated ! — it is good ; yea, indeed, is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated : — it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir ; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this good day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or, when a man is, — being, — whereby, — he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. — Look, here comes good Sir John. — Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.
— Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?
— Let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, Sir:
— Ralph Mouldy! — let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where's Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! — In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [To SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are? — For the other, Sir John: — let me see. — Simon Shadow:

Fal. Yea marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow.

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! — you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. — Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, Sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor. Well, master Shallow, deep master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private

soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, Sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. — Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, Sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord! Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, Sir: — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well.

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old;

certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!" — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good Master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hanged, Sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, Sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, Sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; — we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind: — an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. — I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, — Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf. — For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: — and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow. — Here's Wart; — you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, — give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: — very well: — go to: — very good: — exceeding good. — O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot. — Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn,) I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come. — I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow. — God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you. — Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and sent us peace! At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits*, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very genius of famine; [yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him — mandrake.] He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware — they were his fancies, or his good-nights.] And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'T is Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done. —

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus: —
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? — so the question stands:
Briefly to this end. — We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;

But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
 And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles,
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person,
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
 To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all.

That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O! my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed, then,
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;

For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then, reason will our hearts should be as good;
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this, — the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,

He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement;
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'T is very true:
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,
 To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then, set
 forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS,
 and Others: from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER,
 WESTMORELAND, Officers and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mow-
 bray. —

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
 And so to you, lord Hastings, — and to all. —
 My lord of York, it better show'd with you,

When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text,
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;
 To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself;
 The very opener and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings: O! who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace;
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
 Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born;
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires,

And true obedience, of this madness cur'd
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority. —
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer*] and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will well please them: hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,

You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it. —

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, — some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd. Hark, how they
shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. — [*Exit WESTMORELAND.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings;
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit HASTINGS.*

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together. —

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: —

And you, lord archbishop, — and you, lord Mowbray;
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —

Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE,
meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you;
and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, Sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, — a place deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of

thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now. —
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. — [*Exit WEST.*]
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,

which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution. —
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[Exit COLEVILLE guarded.]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty, —

Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit.]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no

marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity;
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

R. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

R. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

R. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.

The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'T is needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

R. Hen. 'T is seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. [*Enter WESTMORELAND.*] Who 's here?
Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

R. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. [*Enter HARCOURT.*] Look! here 's more
news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. —
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla.

O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

War. Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me! for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*They place the KING on a Bed in an inner part of the room.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords. — Sweet prince, speak
low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits, [*Putting it on his head.*
 Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me. This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince, my brother, here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
 He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we
 stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence: — go, seek him out.
 Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
 My sleep my death? —
 Find him, my lord of Warwick, chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
 And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are;

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
 When gold becomes her object.
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
 Their brains with care, their bones with industry:
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
 When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets,
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father. —

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
 Till his friend sickness' hands determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. — Come hither to me, Harry. —
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust.
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd! — Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor:
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear

To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords,
 and Others.*

R. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

R. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
 My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

R. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

R. Hen. Laud be to God! — even there my life must end.
 I hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem,
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. —
 But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW's House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, Sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. — Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, Sir, — shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, Sir. — Here is, now, the smith's note for shoeing, and plough irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: — and, Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it. — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet, God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, Sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. — Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph. — And welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual

laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow: I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.

Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WEST-MORELAND, and Others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O! that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

Ch. Just. O God! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would, 't were otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me; — and you most.

[*To the Chief Justice.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in th' administration of his law

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment:

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought;

To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,

Be now the father, and propose a son;

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice; and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words: —
“Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.” — You did commit me,
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, — that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions. —
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now, call we our high court of parliament,
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. —

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*]

Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state:
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Glostershire. The Garden of SHALLOW's House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the Page,*
and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour,
 we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of
 carraways, and so forth; — come, cousin Silence; — and then
 to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all,
 Sir John: — marry, good air. — Spread, Davy; spread, Davy;
 well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-
 man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir
 John. — By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: —
 A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. — Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, — we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! — Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon: — most sweet Sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph; — and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;* [Singing.
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your worship. — I'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too. — I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's leggings I thank thee. — The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry.
[Knocking heard.] Look, who's at door there. Ho! who knocks?
[Exit DAVY.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.]

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An 't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in. —

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.

Sweet knight, th' art now one of the greatest men
In the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

[Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir: — if, Sir, you come with news
from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter
them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the king, in some
authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office! —

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. — Master Robert

Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! — I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night. — O, sweet Pistol! — Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*] — Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good. — Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

“Where is the life that late I led,” say they;

Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I 'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again;

you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, — you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes!

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — [*To SHALLOW.*] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else do be done but to see him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'T is all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand: —

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter KING and his Train, including the Chief Justice.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men.
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
 Presume not that I am the thing I was;
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
 And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strength and qualities,
 Give you advancement. — Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word. —
 Set on. *[Exeunt KING and his Train.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol; — come Bardolph. — I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord! —

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.*

[Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech, now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. — Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did

mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

CHORUS.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques,

That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.	BOY, Servant to them. A Herald.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } Brothers to	CHORUS.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } the King.	CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the	France.
King.	LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the	DUKES OF BURGUNDY, OR-
King.	LEANS, and BOURBON.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WEST-	The CONSTABLE of FRANCE.
MORELAND, and WARWICK.	RAMBURES, and GRANDPRE,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.	French Lords.
BISHOP OF ELY.	MONTJOY, A French Herald.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } Conspi-	Governor of Harfleur.
LORD SCROOP, } rators.	Ambassadors to England.
SIR THOMAS GREY, }	
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM,	ISABEL, Queen of France.
GOWER, FLUELLEN, MAC-	KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles
MORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King	and Isabel.
Henry's Army.	ALICE, a Lady attending on the
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Sol-	Princess.
diers.	MRS. QUICKLY, a Hostess.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.	
Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers,	
and Attendants.	

The SCENE in England, and in France.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Bishop of ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,

But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus, —
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate:
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric:
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain;
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, and sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,

Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;
 For I have made an offer to his majesty, —
 Upon our spiritual convocation,
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France, — to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear
 (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
 The severals, and unhidden passages
 Of this true titles to some certain dukedoms,
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
 Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
 To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
 Which I could with a ready guess declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK,
 WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
 Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
 That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Bishop of ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

R. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne. — There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond, —
In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant,
“No woman shall succeed in Salique land.”
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law, and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, — who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great, —
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th' heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the kings of France unto this day,
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors:
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim: invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English! that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means and
 might:

So hath your highness: — never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot; who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his force;
 Gallling the gleaned land with hot essays,

Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exempl'd by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make their chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true, —

“If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:”

For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity.
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
 They have a king, and officers of sorts;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, —
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariously;
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
 As many lines close in the dial's center;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Now are we well resolv'd: and by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery,
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall, with full mouth,
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
 The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
 Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
 Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard won:
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, — I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn,
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —
Convey them with safe conduct. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy

Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
 Have, for the guilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance: force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.]

SCENE I.

London. Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time

shall serve, there shall be smiles; — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and MRS. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife. — Good corporal, be patient here. — How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not hewn now! — we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant — good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.
[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have
an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with
me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair
terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in
good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [Pistol and Nym draw.]

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say: — he that strikes the
first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.
[*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms;
that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word? — I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and — *pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and

your hostess. — He is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. [*Draws.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

[*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?]

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. —
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir

John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that 's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

R. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, — and my kind lord of Marsham, —
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? — We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
 And tender preservation of our person,
 Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
 Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
 Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours; —
 There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham: — and, sir knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —
 Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. —
 My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
 We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentlemen!
 What see you in those papers, that you lose
 So much complexion? — look ye, how they change:
 Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. —
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here, —
 You know, how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. — But O!

What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use.
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions — I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with-jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. — Their faults are open:
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, — the gold of France did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprize.
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences. — Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.
 Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Pry'thee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to
 Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn. —
 Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
 And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out — God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. — My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables: Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;" Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
 And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
 Go, clear thy crystals. — Yoke-fellows in arms,
 Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the
 Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
 And more than carefully it us concerns,
 To answer royally in our defences.
 Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
 Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
 To line, and new repair, our towns of war
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,
 As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
 It fits us, then, to be as provident
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
 Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
 You are too much mistaken in this king.
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find, his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
 Doth like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths:
 Witness our too much memorable shame,

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
 Whiles that his mountain sire, — on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, —
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and
 bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short, and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
 To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
 By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know,

'T is no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line, [Gives a pedigree.
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree,
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,

Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[*Alarum; and Chambers go off.*]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,

And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

R. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage!
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.]

SCENE II.

The Same.

Forces pass over; then enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach:

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!
[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! — your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by FLUELLEN.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man, For Bardolph, he is white-livered,

and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit Boy.]*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines; tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disci-

plines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all; so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be

cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breif and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A Parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.

R. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

R. Hen. Open your gates! — Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The KING, &c. enter the Town.*]

SCENE IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingres.*

Kath. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois viste-ment. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. C'est bien dit, Madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present

Alice. Il est trop difficile, Madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De nick, Madame.

Kath. De nick: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, Madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin: Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe?

Alice. De foot, Madame; et de con.

Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma

leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous a disner.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French KING, the Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and Others.

Fr. King. 'T is certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord.

*Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.*

*Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?*

*Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.*

*Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor we may call them, in their native lords.*

Dau. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. —
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him, — you have power enough, —
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give. —
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. —
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant, there at the pridge, — I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
 The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
 And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate

And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone, —

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For *pax* of little price:

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit* PISTOL.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; — at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and welks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country,

there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: — Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king, — I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have, Almost no better than so many French:

Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. — Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus! — this your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard;
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle, as we are,
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit MONTJOY.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of ORLEANS, the Dauphin, and Others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. — Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour —

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature!" —

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise, and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier:* thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with — there is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with — give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshoot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. — Would it were

day! — Alas, poor Harry of England! — he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry — Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,

Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace —
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous, —
 The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 't is true that we are in great danger;
 The greater, therefore, should our courage be. —
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. — God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out,
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains,
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen.

No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate a while,

And, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,
lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *fico* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. — Who goes there?

R. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

R. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

R. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

R. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

R. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

R. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all — “We died at such a place:” some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should

every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That 's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. *[Exeunt Soldiers.]*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king! — we must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,

Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy?

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?

Creating awe and fear in other men,

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen.

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

Erp.

I shall do 't, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
 Possess them not with fear: take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them! — Not to-day, O Lord!
 O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I Richard's body have interred new,
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice? — **Ay;**
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee. —
 The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval:* — My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! — les eaux et la terre!*

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALIS-
 BURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
 If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully, — my noble lord of Bedford, —
 My dear lord Gloster, — and my good lord Exeter, —
 And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
 And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O! that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd — the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,

And say — to-morrow is Saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve , and show his scars.
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot ,
 But he 'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names ,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words , —
 Harry the king , Bedford and Exeter ,
 Warwick and Talbot , Salisbury and Gloster , —
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ,
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by ,
 From this day to the ending of the world ,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few , we happy few , we band of brothers :
 For he , to-day that sheds his blood with me ,
 Shall be my brother : be he ne'er so vile ,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England , now a-bed ,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ,
 And hold their manhoods cheap , whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord , bestow yourself with speed :
 The French are bravely in their battles set ,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready , if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England ,
 cousin ?

West. God's will ! my liege , would you and I alone ,
 Without more help , might fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why , now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ,
 Which likes me better than to wish us one. —
 You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee , king Harry ,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: — Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,
 As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
 Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march
 away:
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne
 qualité.

Pist. Quality? *Callino*, castore me! art thou a gentleman?
 What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
 Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark: —
 O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys? —
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret
him. — Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest;
car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre
gorge.*

Pist. *Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.*

Fr. Sol. *O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me par-
donner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma
vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of
a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred
crowns.

Pist. Tell him, — my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner
aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez*

promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchise-ment.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. — Follow me! *[Exit PISTOL.]*

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. [Exit French Soldier.] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, — the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it, but boys. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and Others.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! — le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sit mocking in our plumes. — *O meschante fortune! —*

Do not run away.

[A short Alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! — let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die: — in! — Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now. I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces; EXETER, and Others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud, — "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,

As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry!"
 Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up:
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. — [*Alarum.*
 But, hark! what new alarum is this same? —
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men: —
 Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain, there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 't is a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower.

What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, — if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a Part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. — Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou
not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! —
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your
majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales,
as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in
France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is re-
membered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where
leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which,
your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the
service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear
the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh
plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and pre-
serve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not
who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be
ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty
is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! — Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts. — Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and Others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I
should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge, and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit*]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it,

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them. —

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt*].

SCENE VIII.

Before King HENRY's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now,
come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, perad-
venture, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him*].

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any 's in the universal
world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, Sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his pay-
ment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. — I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be Got for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY and EXETER.

R. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

R. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

R. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

R. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had

you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. — Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns. —
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough
in his pelly. — Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray
you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and
quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter
for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you
to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful?
your shoes is not so goot: 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I
will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a Paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
 The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
 Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischart Dauphin;
 John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
 And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
 Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death! —
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another Paper.*]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
 None else of name, and of all other men
 But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here,
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss,
 On one part and on th' other? — Take it, God,
 For it is only thine!

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how
 many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
 That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,

And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty wiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home:
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France:
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The interim, by remembering you, 't is past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.

France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day?
 Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore,
 in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The
 rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, praggings knave, Pistol, which
 you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than
 a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me,
 and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid
 me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no
 contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap
 till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of
 my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. —
 Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got
 pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. — Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes; certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot. — Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. *[Exit]*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. *[Exit]*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. *[Exit]*

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French KING, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,

Health and fair time of day: — joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; —
 And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
 We do salute you, duke of Burgundy; —
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England; fairly met: —
 So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

R. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
 Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
 With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours.
 To bring your most imperial majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
 Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
 That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
 You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand before this royal view,
 What rub, or what impediment, there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —
Warwick, — and Huntington, — go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King HENRY, KATHARINE, and her
Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your
England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with
your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly
with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.*

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.*

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou can'st love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while

thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. — *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy*, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you

come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine deesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face,

if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon père*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France, — I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entend* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this: —
Where your majesty demands, — that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, — *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin, — *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate: — and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

H. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: — on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers' for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. *[Exit.]*

F I R S T P A R T

OF

K I N G H E N R Y V I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the
 King, and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the
 King, Regent of France.

DUKE OF EXETER.

HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of
 Winchester.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somers-
 set.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke
 of York.

**EARLS OF WARWICK, SALIS-
 BURY, and SUFFOLK.**

TALBOT, afterwards Earl of
 Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his Son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of
 March.

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

**SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WIL-
 LIAM LUCY. SIR WILLIAM
 GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS
 GARGRAVE.**

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the
 Tower. Mayor of London.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or
 York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or
 Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and after-
 wards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and
 King of Naples.

**DUKES OF BURGUNDY and
 ALENÇON. BASTARD OF OR-
 LEANS.**

Governor of Paris. Master Gunner
 of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French Forces in
 Bordeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter. An
 old Shepherd, Father to Joan la
 Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly
 called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds,
 Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the
 English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The Corpse of King HENRY the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of Winchester, Herald, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar: — Heralds, wait on us. —
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright —

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered, —
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France. —
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France. —
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats. —
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

3 Mess. O, no! wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:

Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 Mess. O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. —
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation.

[*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
 I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office :
 The king from Eltham I intend to send ,
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON,
 REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
 So in the earth, to this day is not known.
 Late did he shine upon the English side ;
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment but we have ?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;
 Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves :
 Either they must be dieted like mules,
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here ?
 Talbot is taken whom we wont to fear :
 Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall ;
 Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum ! we will rush on them.
 Now, for the honour of the forlorn French !
 Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
 When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ! —
 Dogs ! cowards ! dastards ! — I would ne'er have fled,
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device,
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try
her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and Others.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Puc. *Reignier*, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? — Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this; thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make :
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me ,
 And , if thou vanquishest , thy words are true ;
 Otherwise , I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword ,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
 The which at Touraine , in Saint Katharine's church-yard ,
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then , come o' God's name : I fear no woman.

Puc. And , while I live , I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

Char. Stay , stay thy hands ! thou art an Amazon ,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me , else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee , 't is thou that must help me.
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
 Excellent Pucelle , if thy name be so ,
 Let me thy servant , and not sovereign , be :
 'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love ,
 For my profession 's sacred , from above :
 When I have chased all thy foes from hence ,
 Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord , methinks , is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock ,
 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him , since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord , where are you ? what devise you on ?
 Shall we give over Orleans , or no ?

Puc. Why , no , I say : distrustful recreants !
 Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says , I 'll confirm : we 'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
 Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 Since I have entered into these wars.
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 Dispersed are the glories it included.
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
 Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
 Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try. — Come, let's away about it:
 No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. Tower Hill.

*Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with his
 Serving-men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance. —
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates! 'T is Gloster that calls. [*Servants knock.*]

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there, that knocks so impe-
 riously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
 We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I. —
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*GLOSTER's Men rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the gates,
WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have
we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not
open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Servants in tawney Coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Pill'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawney coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry — a rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay? —
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —
Out, tawney coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in
the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation. —

Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day,

against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away. —
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —
Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd, if I

Could see them.

Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GAR-GRAVE, and Others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart.
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walk'd about me every minute-while,
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:
 Here, through this grate, I count each one,
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
 Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee. —
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY and Sir THO.
 GARGRAVE fall.

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us? —
 Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it. —
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 Thou shalt not die, whiles —
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
 As who should say, “When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.” —
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[An Alarum; it thunders and lightens.]

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 A holy prophetess, new risen up,
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY lifts himself up and groans.]

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd. —
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies]

SCENE V.

The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursues the Dauphin, and drives him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. — I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

[A short Alarum.]

Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be. — Retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
 O! would I were to die with Salisbury.
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
 Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves.
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. —
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! —
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
 Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,

For which I will divide my crown with her;
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
 Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
 In memory of her, when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,
 After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
 If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. [Exit Sergeant.]

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling
 Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
 By whose approach the regions of Artois,
 Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
 Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
 Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
 Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! — how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed. I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave. —
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

*[The English scale the Walls, crying St. George!
a Talbot! and all enter the Town.]*

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

*The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several
ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half
unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me? —
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 't is sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this, —
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!
They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *[Retreat sounded.]*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town. —
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,

For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
 Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
 That could not live asunder, day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
 With modesty admiring thy renown,
 By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
 To visit her poor castle where she lies;
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
 Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. —
 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
 Could not prevail with all their oratory,
 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd. —
 And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
 And in submission will attend on her. —
 Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
 And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] — You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? — Go ask him, whither he
goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond.
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds his Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal of Ordnance.

The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
 These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
 Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
 I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
 And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
 For I am sorry, that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me:
 No other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only, with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK;
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
 Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
 Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
 And never yet could frame my will to it;
 And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole:
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?

And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,

Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chock'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, Poole. — Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;

And if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
 And here I prophesy, — this brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
 This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. —
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have. —

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. —
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say — of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,

Levied an army, weening to redeem,
 And have install'd me in the diadem;
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.
 Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gather;
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle! would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only, give order for my funeral:
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! *[Dies.]*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days. —
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
 And what I do imagine, let that rest. —
 Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
 Will see his burial better than his life. —

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out MORTIMER.]
 Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. The Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree:
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good —

Glo.

As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather! —

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo.

Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War.

Roam thither then.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside.*

R. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth. —

[*A Noise within: Down with the tawny coats!*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A Noise again: Stones! Stones!*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

3 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.]

Glo.

Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! —
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector; — yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart. [Aside.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside.

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract! —
Away, my masters: trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Mayor, Servants, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick: — for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

R. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

R. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

R. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty.

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

R. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame :
 As fester'd members rot but by degree,
 Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
 So will this base and envious discord breed.
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
 Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe, —
 That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
 And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere the hapless time. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
 Through which our policy must make a breach.
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall)
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
 Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.]

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paisans, les pauvres gens de France :*
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[Opens the gates.]

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.]

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is, —
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement: holding out a Torch
burning.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
Thath joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [*Exeunt to the Town.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD,
brought in sick in a Chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the
English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls, LA PUCELLE,
CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate.
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, Sir? — Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. —

[TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! — base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks. —
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame. —
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror,
 As sure as in this late-betrayed town
 Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
 So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant duke of Bedford. — Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :
 Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
 And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,
 That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! —
 Then, be it so : — heavens keep old Bedford safe! —
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces, leaving
 BEDFORD, and Others.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, and
 a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
 We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast.
 All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

Ay,
 [Exit.

[Exit.
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Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.]

Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory.

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard afar off.*]
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a Parley.]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
 When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
 Who then but English Henry will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
 Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe,
 And was he not in England prisoner?
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
 See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord:
 Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
 My forces and my power of men are yours. —
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON,
 BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have a while given truce unto my wars,
 To do my duty to my sovereign:
 In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
 Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, —
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
 And with submissive loyalty of heart,
 Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
 First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
 That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
 When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
 I do remember how my father said,
 A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face:
 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
 We here create you earl of Shrewsbury,
 And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,
 and Nobles.*]

Ver. Now, Sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
 Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
 In honour of my noble lord of York,
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Striking him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room of State.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor
of Paris, and Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, —

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;

[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because unworthily
 Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one,
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
 Then, judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeming any common man,
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

R. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom.
 Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. — [*Exit FASTOLFE.*]
 And now, my lord protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
 No more but, plain and bluntly, — “To the king!”
 Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will?
 What's here? [*Reads.*] "I have upon especial cause, —
 "Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
 "Together with the pitiful complaints
 "Of such as your oppression feeds upon, —
 "Forsaken your pernicious faction,
 "And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."
 O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
 That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
 There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk with
 him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse. —

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
 I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.
 Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
 And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
 You may behold confusion of your foes.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak. —
 Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
 And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow, here, with envious carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise! —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: — good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red Rose.*]
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love. —
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France: —
 And good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais;
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented by your victories
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN.,
 SUF., and BASSET.*]

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did, — But let it rest;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*]

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*
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SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General
of the French Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would. — Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead. [*Drum afar off*.
 Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy. —
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings. —
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd, and pounded in a pale!
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends. —
 God, and Saint George Talbot, and England's right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, with Forces; to him, a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered

Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset — who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
 Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —
 Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit YORK with his Forces.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
 That ever-living man of memory,
 Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army; an Officer of TALBOT'S
 with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
 Too rashly plotted: all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
 Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
 By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure.
 York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 And whiles the honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the horse.
 I owe him little duty, and less love,
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
 Never to England shall he bear his life,
 But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, — O, malignant and ill-boding stars! —
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear,
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about,
and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? — pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood

From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy." —
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? — mine own is gone:
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? —
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee. —
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And like a hungry lion did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His overmounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality. —
 O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe. —

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.]

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two Bodies.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
 "Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid:"
 But with a proud, majestical high scorn,
 He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born
 To be the pillage of a giglot wench."

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
 See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
 Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald
 preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;
 We English warriors wot not what it means.
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this: —
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, as
a Cardinal.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy, —
“If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.”

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord, your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As — liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower, —
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection. —
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

*[Exeunt King HENRY and Train; GLOSTER, EXETER,
and Ambassadors.]*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and
Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'T is said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd. —
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. —
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;

And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
 And give me signs of future accidents: [Thunder.
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*

O! hold me not with silence over-long.
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
 In earnest of a farther benefit,
 So you do condescend to help me now. —

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress? — My body shall
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
 Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
 Before that England give the French the foil. [*They depart.*
 See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
 And let her head fall into England's lap.
 My ancient incantations are too weak,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting; LA PUCELLE
 and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The
 French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty. —

A good prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:

I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,

The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay! — I have no power to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says — no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
 Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
 Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
 What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
 Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
 Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that, too;
 For though her father be the king of Naples,
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
 And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
 Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause —

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, Madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colours forth!
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand. [*Exit, from the Walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
 To be mine own attorney in this case.
 I'll over, then, to England with this news,
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
 So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
 In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
 Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

Suf. Farewell, sweet Madam! But hark you, Margaret;
 No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
 A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
 But, Madam, I must trouble you again, —
 No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
 Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
 To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk, stay;
 Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
 There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
 Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
 Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
 Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
 That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
 Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl. —
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*]

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, — that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, —
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay. — Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O! give me leave; I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man: that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure. —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered? —
 O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER,
 and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
 We come to be informed by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
 The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: —
 That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet,
 And yet, in substance and authority,

Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy [*Aside to CHARLES.*
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. —

[CHARLES, and his Nobles, give tokens of fealty.

So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
 For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace,

*Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER
 and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
 Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
 So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
 Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights,
 But with as humble lowliness of mind,
 She is content to be at your command;
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
 Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
 You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
 Unto another lady of esteem;

How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. —
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*]

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, his Uncle. CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons. DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, { of the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, { King's LORD CLIFFORD, and his { Party. Son, EARL OF SALISBURY, { of the York EARL OF WARWICK, { Faction. LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower. LORD SAY. SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother. SIR JOHN STANLEY. WALTER WHITMORE. A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.	Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with SUFFOLK. VAUX. HUME and SOUTHWELL, Priests. BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror. A Spirit raised by him. THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer. PETER, his Man. Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Alban's. SIMPCOX, an Impostor. Two Murderers. JACK CADE. GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, the Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., Cade's Followers. ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman. MARGARET, Queen to King Henry. ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER. MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch. Wife to SIMPCOX.
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Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various Parts of England.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss. — O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,

With you mine alderlievest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

R. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads.] "Imprimis: It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — Item, — That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father" —

R. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

R. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, — "It is farther agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

R. Hen. They please us well. — Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. — Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months

Be full expir'd. — Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy. —
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before —

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,

But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
 Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
 Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
 'T is known to you he is mine enemy;
 Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
 Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the English crown:
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster;"
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
 "Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
 With — "God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself? —
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
 We 'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
 I 'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside:
 If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey: —
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people. —
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK and SALISBURY.]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:

Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state,
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER's House.

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold. —
 What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
 And having both together heav'd it up,
 We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go. — Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,

We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, — to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit DUCHESS.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
 Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
 They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I Suffolk, and the cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
 And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and* Queen MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. — What's your's? — What's here? [*Reads.*] “Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.” — How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas! Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his Petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown?

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown.

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*] — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. — We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the Petition.*
Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion;

But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest; and, Madam, list to me,
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 As for the duke of York, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit:
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
 Dispute not that York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son! — and show some reason, Buckingham,
 Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
 To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace,
 To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
 And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
 The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

R. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit Duchess.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country.
 But, to the matter that we have in hand. —
 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
 To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
 To show some reason, of no little force,
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,
 My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
 Without discharge, money, or furniture,
 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
 Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
 Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
 Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are
 these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
 That doth accuse his master of high treason.
 His words were these: — that Richard, duke of York,
 Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
 And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought
 any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the
 villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*Holding up his hands.*]

he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech. —
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

R. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

R. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The Same. The Duke of GLOSTER's Garden.

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and
BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters: the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times. Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle; BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king: what shall of him become?

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.]

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*]

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch. —

What! Madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all. What call you this?

[*Showing her the Papers.*]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder. — You, Madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee. —

[*Exit Duchess from above.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

All. — Away! [*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

“The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.”

Why, this is just

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

“Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk? —

By water shall he die, and take his end.” —

“What shall betide the duke of Somerset? —

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand."
 Come, come, my lords;
 These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 And hardly understood.
 The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
 With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
 To be the post in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. — Who 's within
 there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
 To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal,
 and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
 I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
 Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
 And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
 And what a pitch she flew above the rest.
 To see how God in all his creatures works!
 Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:
 They know their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much: he 'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

R. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it.

Suf. No malice, Sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

R. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, would 't were come to that!

[Aside to the Cardinal.]

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. *[Aside.]*

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse. *[Aside.]*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove. *[Aside.]*

R. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. — Come with thy two-hand sword.

[Aside to GLO.]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd? — the east side of the grove.

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

R. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. —
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

Car. *Medice teipsum:*
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

R. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Albans' shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

R. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren; and SIMP-
cox, borne between two persons in a Chair; his Wife and a
great Multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

R. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

R. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

R. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

R. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, — "Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve. —
Let me see thine eyes: — wink now; — now open them. —
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, Master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint
Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, Master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

R. Hen. Why then, thou knowst what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas! Master, I know not.

Glo. What 's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, Master.

Glo. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, Master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,

Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible. —

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

And would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, Master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in
your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A Miracle!"

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town,
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus: —

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seized on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue — Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March,
Edmond had issue — Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue — Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son, son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. —
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king,
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —
You four, from hence to prison back again; [*To JOURD., &c.*]
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. —
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns —

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*]
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground. —
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child. —
God and king Henry govern England's realm.
Give up yon staff, Sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff;
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrew'd a maim: two pulls at once, —
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught: — there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. — Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore,
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

R. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. — Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. — O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. — Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: And God in justice hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. — Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servant, in mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud; And after summer evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. — Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess: Uneath may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people, gazing on thy face With envious looks, laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all, —
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear; thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden
at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there. [*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: — and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is — death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —
 Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
 I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the isle of Man;
 There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
 And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:
 According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, Madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd. —
 Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
 And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
 No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
 And show itself, attire me how I can.
 Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
 'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
 Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
 The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
 With what a majesty he bears himself;
 How insolent of late he is become,
 How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time since he was mild and affable;
 And if we did but glance a far-off look,
 Immediately he was upon his knee,
 That all the court admir'd him for submission:
 But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
 When every one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;
 And Humphrey is no little man in England.
 First, note, that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease,
 That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
 And, when he please to make commotion,
 'T is to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
 Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.
 My lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, and York, —
 Reprove my allegation, if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
 And had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
 The duchess by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
 As next the king he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 Levy great sums of money through the realm
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

R. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person,
 As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
 The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
 Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
 Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
 Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

York. Cold news for me; [*Aside.*] for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No: many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your farther time of trial.

R. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspense:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life. —
 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My liefest liege to be mine enemy. —
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
 Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 The ancient proverb will be well effected, —
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
 If those that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,
 With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.
 Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;
 And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day. —
 Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
 For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOSTER.*]

R. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

R. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
 My body round engirt with misery,
 For what's more miserable than discontent? —
 Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
 That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowering star now envies thy estate,
 That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the butcher takes away the calf,
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good,
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.
 His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
 Say — “Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.” [Exit.]

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
 (And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)
 This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
 But yet we want a colour for his death:
 'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
 The king will labour still to save his life;
 The commons haply rise to save his life;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death. —
 But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,
 Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
 Wer't not all one an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true: and wer't not madness, then,
 To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed?
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
 And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,

Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with. —
No more, good York; — sweet Somerset, be still: —
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.

This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
 I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do! — What have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
 I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone.

[Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Car-
 dinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much. —

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment! — I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord? — Help, lords! the king is
dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again. — Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
 Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding. —
 Yet do not go away: — come, basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
 In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
 And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
 It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

R. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
 What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statue, and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck, —
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, —
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

R. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege. — Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and SALISBURY retires.]

R. Hen. O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed; WARWICK and Others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

R. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd,
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like, you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. —
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som., and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:

And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [*A Noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons
drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? —
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; [*Speaking to those within.*] the king
shall know your mind. —
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,

That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
 Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slily glided towards your majesty,
 It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, my lord of
 Salisbury!

Suf. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign;
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To show how quaint an orator you are:
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king, or we will all
 break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care,
 And had I not been 'cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
 And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
 No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
 But, when I swear, it is irrevocable. —
 If after three days' space thou here be'st found
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
 Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords &c.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
 Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
 Be playfellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you; the devil make a third,
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone. —
O! go not yet. — Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence.
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more. — Live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Wither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
 Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his overcharged soul:
 And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
 Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
 Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming:
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death.
 O! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III.

London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bed-chamber.

*Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The
 Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
 sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
 Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
 Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no? —
 O! torture me no more, I will confess. —
 Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. —
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —
 Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul. —
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

R. Hen. O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
 O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
 And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

R. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
 Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —
 He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

R. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —
 Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
 And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore. —
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this; —
 The other, [*Pointing to SUFFOLK,*] Walter Whitmore, is thy
 share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
 And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —
 Cut both the villains' throats! — for die you shall:
 The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
 Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

Gent. I'll give it, Sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die; [*To Suf.*
 And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
 How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 And told me that by *water* I should die:
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
 Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
 Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth.
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affy a mighty lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France :
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee
 Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
 And now the house of York — thrust from the crown,
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny, —
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus*.
 The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms ;
 And to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee. — Away ! — Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
 Small things make base men proud : this villain, here,
 Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible, that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :

I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter! —

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus:* — it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot. —

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf., with Whit. and Others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's Body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it.

[*Exit.*]

1 Gent. O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the Body.]

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath:
they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the
commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say, it
was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-
men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more; the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, — labour in thy vocation:
which is as much to say, as, — let the magistrates be labouring
men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave
mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the
tanner of Wingham.

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's
leather of.

John. And Dick, the butcher.

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat
cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver*,
and Others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father, —

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [Aside.

Cade. — For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[Aside.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife. [Aside.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [Aside.

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [Aside.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [Aside.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant. [Aside.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [Aside.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

[Aside.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be) —

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: — there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in

one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. — 'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] — Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down: Home to your cottages, forsake this groom. The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 't is true. The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age. His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*] — Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors. — And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me. — Now show yourselves men: 't is for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. *The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee, — The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's Head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general. —
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How, now, Madam!
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge: the citizens
Fly and forsake their houses.

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord: [*To Lord SAY.*] trust not the
Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower.

*Enter Lord SCALES, and Others, walking on the Walls. Then
enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won
the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor
craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from
the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
 And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, Sirs. — Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause

they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men

shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. — Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! — [*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled: And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say — God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save king!

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, — I will make shift for one; and so — God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade: we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying — *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay

their heads together, to surprise me : my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. — In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.]*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. —

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE's Followers, with Halts about their Necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halts on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant, and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

R. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, haying scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him. —
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms?
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower; —
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death to do my country good.

R. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

R. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Kent. IDEN's Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet. my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray,
for entering his fee-simple without leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while England stands, That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine; See if thou canst outface me with thy looks. Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; Thy hand is but a finger to my fist; Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon: My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; And if mine arm be heaved in the air, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. As for words, whose greatness answers words, Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead: Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
 Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
 Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the Body.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours; his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great England's lawful king.
 Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
 The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why, thou — being a subject as I am, —
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
 O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
 I am so angry at these abject terms;
 And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
 I am far better born than is the king,
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
 But I must make fair weather yet a while,
 Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. —

[*Aside.*

O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while:
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand.
 The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. —
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son, — nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
 We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

R. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

R. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

R. Hen. The head of Cade? — Great God, how just art
thou! —

O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

R. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

R. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

R. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
 And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —
 False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
 King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
 That head of thine doth not become a crown;
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
 That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws.
 Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee, York,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
 Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of thee,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [*Exit an Attendant.*]
 I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
 To say, if that the bastard boys of York
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O! blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do. —

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

R. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor. —
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

R. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? —
Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! —
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? —
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

R. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

R. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

R. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland! 't is Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st. —
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit WARWICK.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both! —

York. A dreadful lay! — address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:

He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour. — O! let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his Father's body.*]

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 To silver livery of advised age,
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine,
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[*Taking up the Body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then, Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting*;
 SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there; —
 For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly;
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way; and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly. [Alarum afar off.]
 If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
 (As well we may, if not through your neglect)
 We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
 And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
 May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
 But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
 Away, for your relief; and we will live
 To see their day, and them our fortune give.
 Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
 That winter lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all brush of time,
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. — I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death. —
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

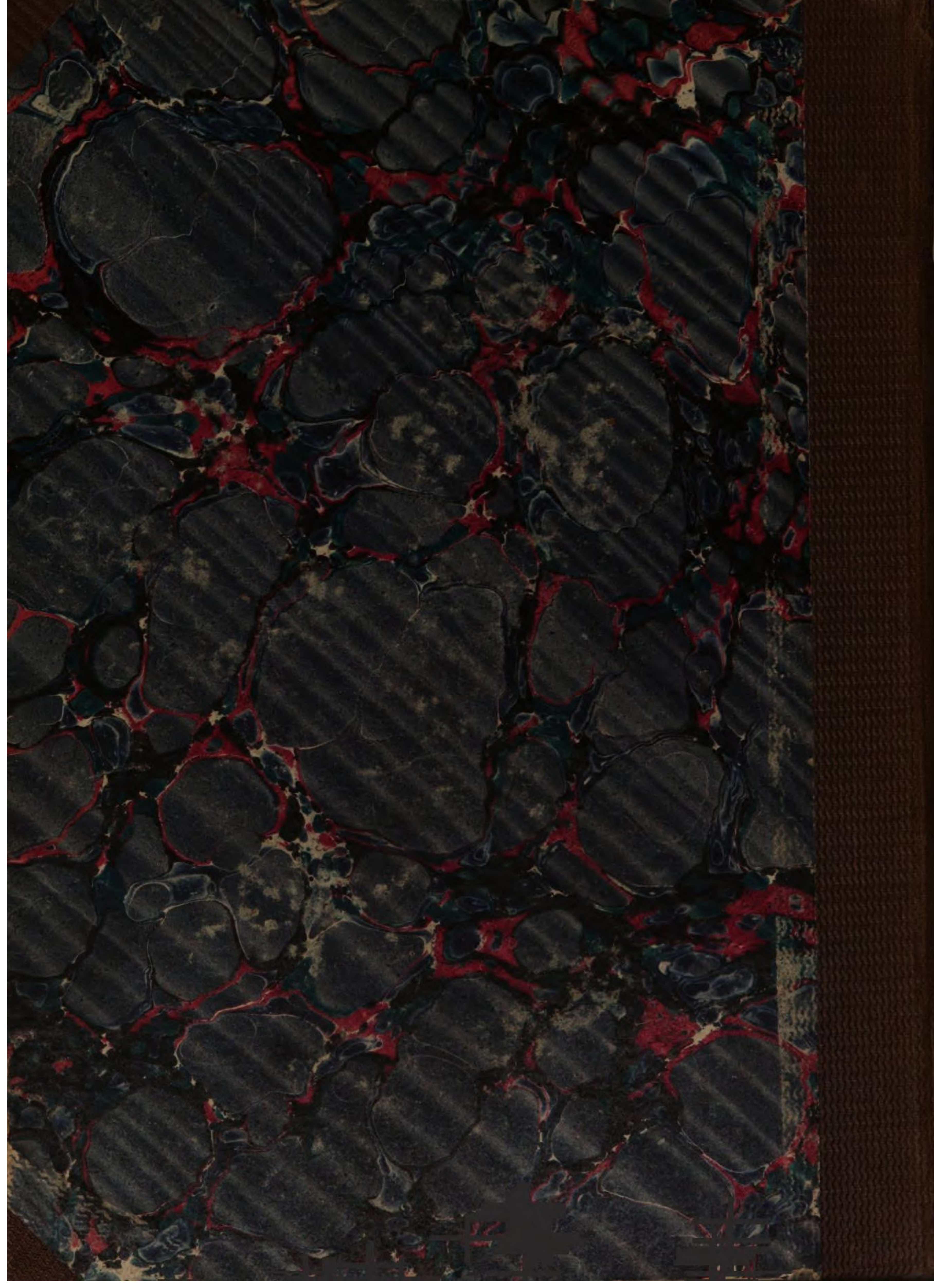
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth. —
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —
Sound, drums and trumpets! — and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

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